

Snips and Cuts

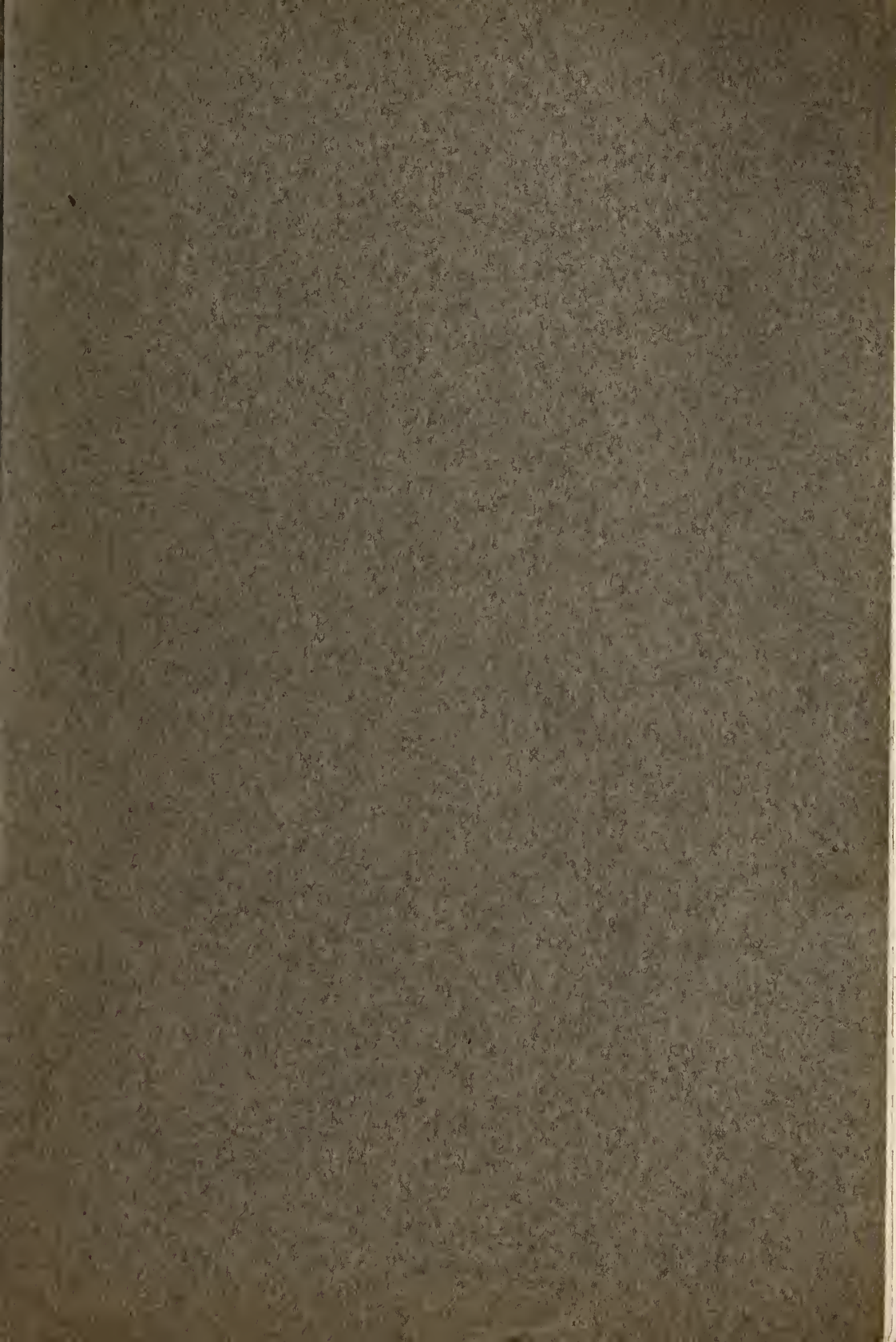


1909

To
Miss Lucia Elizabeth Harding

Charlotte

Me



Snips and Cuts



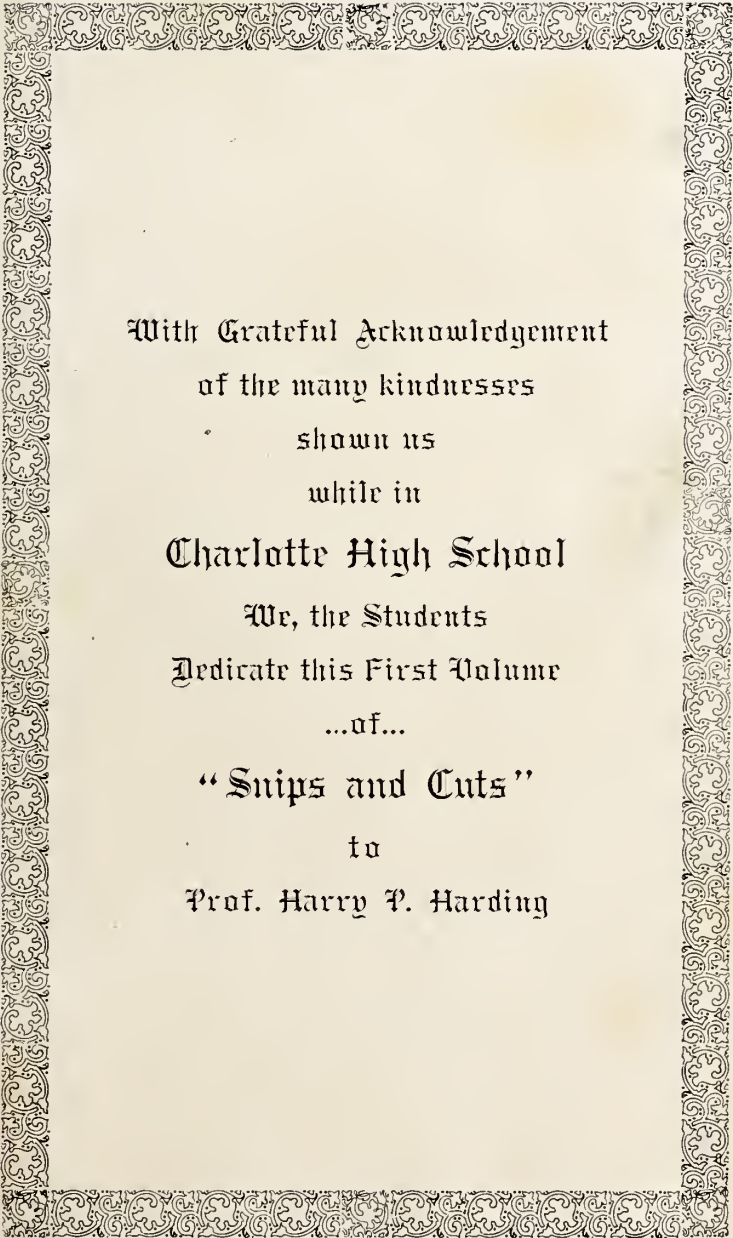
Edited by Students of
Charlotte High School
Charlotte, N. C.
1909



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Charlotte, N. C.



PROF. HARRY P. HARDING



With Grateful Acknowledgement
of the many kindnesses
shown us
while in

Charlotte High School

We, the Students
Dedicate this First Volume
...of...

“Snips and Cuts”

to
Prof. Harry P. Harding

Autobiography of Mr. Harding



HARRY P. HARDING is a native of Beaufort County, North Carolina. He is a son of Major H. and Sue E. Harding, of Greenville, North Carolina, and is thirty-four years old. He was prepared for college at the Greenville Male Academy. He was graduated from the University of North Carolina, receiving the degree of A. B., and special diplomas from the Latin and History Departments with the class of 1899. While at the University he was a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity and of the Alpha Theta Phi (afterwards the Phi Beta Kappa) Honor Society.

Since leaving the University he has filled the following positions: From 1899-1901 he was Principal of the New Bern Graded Schools. In the fall of 1901, as Superintendent, he organized the Oxford (N. C.) Graded Schools. From the spring of 1902 till the fall of 1904 he was Superintendent of the New Bern (N. C.) Graded Schools. From 1904-1909 he has filled the position of Principal of the North Graded School of Charlotte, N. C. Before graduating he had served one year as Principal of the Ormondsville (N. C.) High School. He was elected Vice-President of the Association of City Superintendents in 1902, and is now Secretary of the State Association of High Schools. He has attended sessions of the Summer Schools of the University of Tennessee and of this State.

He was married December 23, 1903, to Miss Lulie E. Ives of New Bern, N. C.

Editors' Preface

WE, THE students of the Charlotte High School, after considering deeply and hesitating much, determined in February to publish an Annual. This being our first attempt we necessarily secured some suggestions from outside. But we feel that we have done our best, and if it does not measure up to your ideal of an Annual, please remember that we are just beginning. If you knock, kindly use rubber hammers.

With this introduction we take pleasure in presenting to you this volume of Snips and Cuts, and we hope you will appreciate our efforts.



Teachers in the High School



MR. GRAHAM, our able superintendent, while not a teacher in the High School, deserves especial mention in this annual because of the unflagging interest he has taken in its publication. He has occupied the position of Superintendent of City Schools in Charlotte for over twenty years, and during that time he has been ever ready and willing to assist any of the pupils in every possible way.

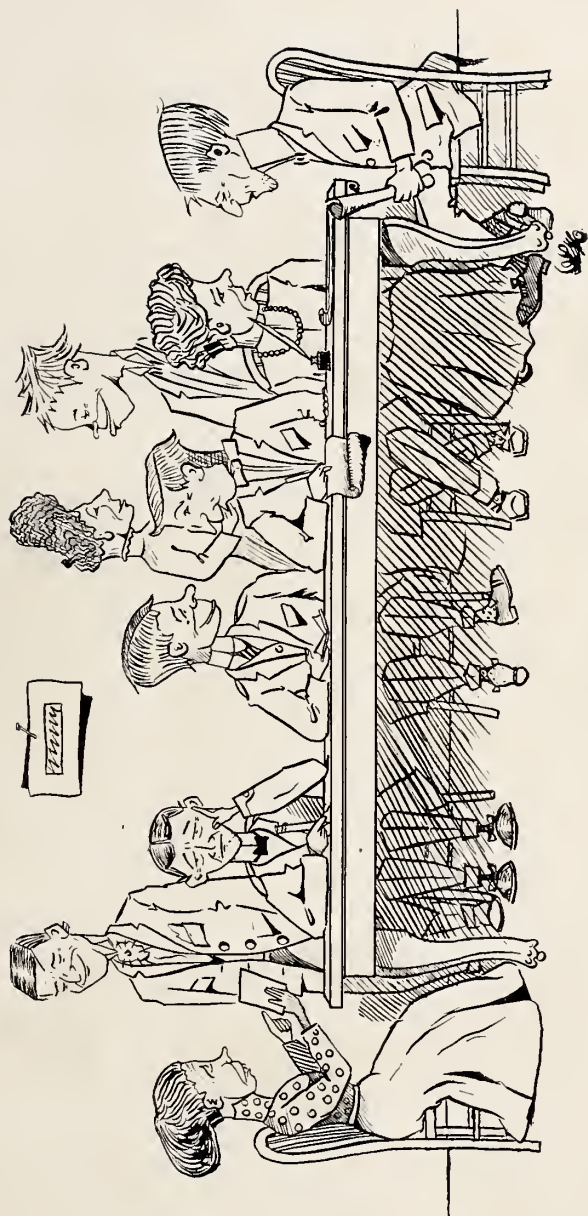
Mr. Harding, the principal of the North School and the teacher of mathematics and history in the tenth and eleventh grades, has won the respect and affection of his pupils for many years by his unfailing sympathy and kindness.

This is Mr. Giles' first year with us and his marked ability has already won him a high place in the esteem of the students.

Mr. Randolph, the teacher of the ninth grade, while not in the same building with the tenth and eleventh grades, is doing effective work in his section of the City.

Prof. Keesler, the instructor in music in the various schools, is a talented musician, and has done thorough work in his branch during this and preceding years.—ED.





YE EDITORS

Editors and Business Managers

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Miss Lillian Shaw

James McCallum

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Miss Anna Wehner

Derr Mayberry

COMIC EDITORS

Miss Annie Mae Bilbie

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ATHLETIC EDITOR

Ward Evans

BUSINESS MANAGERS

Chalmers Jamison

Carey Dowd





ANNUAL STAFF—SNIPS AND CUTS

Progress in the High School



CLOSE observation of this year's High School work will show that much has been done by the students to bring our standard up to the level in which the other high schools rank. When we speak of raising our standard we do not mean educationally, for since the addition of the eleventh grade our standard along educational lines is parallel with that of other high schools; but what we do mean is that we have striven to bring our school into the circle of real high schoolism by organizing the societies and organizations common to high schools.

The first step taken in this direction was to organize a literary society. Before the addition of the eleventh grade, the tenth grade held monthly class meetings, and after the eleventh was added we formed a literary society, in which both tenth and eleventh grades met the fourth Friday of every school month. Some of the most pleasing programmes were arranged, which were a pleasure, not only to the students, but to the numerous visitors that attended these meetings.

The second step, and one which is just as important to the welfare of the schools as the former, was the organization of an athletic association. Up to this time athletics in our school had been practically dead, although several years ago a foot ball team was organized by the tenth grade, but since that time nothing has been done in the athletic line. Under this head the different departments of athletics taken up were as successful as could be expected, for the association is in its embryonic form and it remains for those who follow us to keep the ball rolling.

The third and most important step was to get out an Annual Magazine. This, we consider, the most important of our numerous undertakings, because a magazine repre-

sents a school from its different points of view. This was our first attempt at anything of this kind, and we were discouraged by the multitude of obstacles that presented themselves, but after some hard work we managed to surmount them. This alone would have been a feather in our caps, if we had done nothing else, for the work connected with such an enterprise is anything but easy.

It may appear to those that read these facts that we are trying to leave the impression that we have accomplished something out of the ordinary, but such is not our intention. What we do mean is to show that we have worked to make our school what other high schools are, and what our's should be; to create an interest in the school that it may obtain more students; and to more clearly set forth our attitude towards the welfare of our school.

JAMES I. MCCALLUM, JR., '10.



The Need of a Business Course in Our High School

THE AGE in which we are living is largely commercial. The people of our Nation are to a great extent dominated by this commercial spirit; we feel the throb of business life about us on all sides.

Business life has become very alluring to the majority of young people, and there is an ever increasing tendency to dispense with classical culture. Never before in the history of this country have the girls in our schools felt so constrained to equip themselves for business life; for upon their shoulders frequently rests, to a degree, the support of the whole family. Labor-saving machinery has in a great measure blocked the avenues that were once open to young men of untrained minds. Then competition is now so keen that the man who achieves success in business life must obtain necessary equipment. Impressed with these facts the boys and girls, failing to enjoy in the graded school advantages for business training, drop out before they have reached the high school course. By so doing they deprive themselves of the classical training that would be acquired if they completed the high school work. The introduction of a business course at the beginning of the seventh or eighth grade, and its continuation through the high school would serve to retain many girls and boys who, under existing circumstances, leave the school in search of business education. This results in the incurring of greater expense to the young people, a loss of possible culture, and a measure of just reflection on our graded school system. The conclusion is unescapable that our graded school system, while doing excellent work in many respects, does not fully meet the requirements of present day conditions.

LILLIAN SHAW, '10.



GRADUATING CLASS, '09

Class '09

MOTTO : Tiens a la verite.
COLORS : Light blue and white

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT—Miss Leola Hannon
VICE-PRESIDENT—Miss Kate Stratton
SECRETARY—Miss Annie Mae Bilbie
TREASURER—Leland Craig

Members

Miss Kate Stratton
Miss Annie Mae Bilbie
Miss Leola Hannon
Miss Pearl Wilkinson
Miss Rosamond Lucas
Leland Craig
George Brice



Class Prophecy '09

The Discovery of Mahalma

TO LIFT the veil of the future and to peer far into its mystic silence is the natural desire of every human being; and so when I heard of the wonderful prophetic drug—Mahalma—I was filled with an intense longing to test its magical powers. This mysterious drug was used in ancient times by the seers and soothsayers of the Arabian and Egyptian races, and to it they owed their wonderful gift of prophecy.

During the savagery and barbarism of the middle ages, all traces of this wonderful liquid were completely lost, and even the stories of its former existence were believed to be myths.

In the year of 1908, an archaeologist, while exploring the ruins of a buried Egyptian temple, found a small vial hermetically sealed and deeply imbedded in a mass of rock. Having tested the contents of this vial, he found that he had discovered the wonderful secret of ancient prophecy.

Through a combination of circumstances I came in contact with the discovery of Mahalma and was allowed to gaze upon the mysterious liquid. When I asked to taste it, he firmly refused; but after hesitating a long time he told me that I might drink one drop. "That," he said, "will give you the power to look ten years into the future, and to see and speak with whom you wish. Merely fix your mind on whatever you wish to see, and it will appear before you. But you must think quickly, for the prophetic influence of the drug is felt for only an hour."

"Oh," I cried, "If I only had time to look into the future and see and speak with the members of the class of 1909, I should be satisfied."

Then even as I tasted the precious drug I found myself

standing in the midst of a great crowd of people, just in front of a bar-room. There was a man standing on an immense keg of beer. After listening a few seconds I found that he was delivering a lecture on Temperance. He was holding the very closest attention of his hearers, and had even moved some of the strong men to tears. I did not recognize the speaker, for he was dressed all out of style. His coat was of the Prince Albert style, a huge bow of ribbon for a neck tie, and a stove-pipe hat. I asked one of the by-standers who the gentleman was. He seemed surprised that I did not know him, and told me he was George Wallace Brice, one of the country's most famous temperance lecturers.

When the speaker had finished his lecture and I was moving away with the crowd, I noticed a very striking looking young lady across the street who seemed to recognize me. She crossed the street and came up to me with a very happy smile. It was then that I recognized Rosamond of the by-gone days in the Charlotte High School. She told me that she had just finished writing a book which she felt was her life work, "Advice to Young Lovers." Early in life she had been bitterly disappointed by a man, and she felt it was her duty to warn the young people of the coming generation. As we talked she told me that there was one member of the class of '09 that had been very fortunate. She told me that I would find Mrs. — at 1027 Part Avenue. Then I started out to find the house, for I was very anxious to see the happy young couple. They had just returned from their honeymoon. When I found 1027 I was astonished and hardly knew whether I should go in or not, for the house was such a beautiful structure. When I finally got to the door I asked if I might see Mrs. —. I was asked in and told that she would be down in a few minutes. I heard her softly descending the steps, and turned to look upon a face that was serenely happy. After a few moments we were busily engaged in talking over the past. Kate was the same as when we were together in school days. She told me that

he had graduated from the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Raleigh, and had taken a higher course in the cotton mill business. After a few years of hard work he had decided that they couldn't wait any longer, and did like all wise people—got married—and she looked as if she was going to live happy ever after.

The daily papers have been saying a great deal about the new High School building. It has been a long wished for building in this city. The plans have just been drawn up and are said to be the best that are to be had. The man that drew up the plans is one of the city's best architects—Leland Craig. On the last sheet in the paper I noticed this ad :

LELAND MIOT CRAIG
ARCHITECT

Rooms 84-85 Realty Building Phone 1211

Our most beloved Pearl tells me that she is still in the graded school, not as a pupil, but a teacher, and she spends her days trying in vain to make her class love Cicero like she did while studying it. And says she can't understand why they are so block-headed. While I talked with Pearl I asked her how she had retained her youth so wonderfully, for she looked even younger than when she left C. H. S. as a student. She then brought forth the secret of her charms. It was a large bottle labeled thus : "Madam Pansina Montfort's Famous Beauty Cream"—guaranteed to preserve youth indefinitely. Seeing that I was interested, she brought forth a pamphlet that explained fully the magical powers of the Beauty Cream.

This pamphlet was filled with testimonials, one of which was especially interesting to me. It certified as to the effect of the cream, and was accompanied by two pictures that were a still more striking recommendation. They represented before and after using the cream. One was a striking likeness to the Leola Hannon I had known at C. H. S.; the other was a picture of a wonderfully

beautiful person whom I did not believe could be the same Leola—but Pearl assured me that it was very true to life, for she had recently seen Leola, who was a famous stage beauty.

While I was looking at the pictures which showed the transformed Leola, and wondering whether I could afford a bottle of the cream (for it was ten dollars a bottle) I found myself borne back from the land of visions in an instant.

Then I heard the voice of the discoverer. “Well, has your hour been long enough to see all that you wished?”

I bowed my head.

ANNIE MAE BILBIE, '09.



History '09

WE, THE CLASS of 1909, have a record of which we may feel justly proud. Besides being the most brilliant class that has ever left the Charlotte High School, we have the honor of being the first class to graduate from the eleventh grade. All of us have graduated before and this is our second "coming out." We have reached our goal at last after many years hard work.

We passed the first, second and third grades with comparative ease. In the fourth grade we met a stumbling block in the shape of Stoddard's New Intellectual Arithmetic,* which you know has always been Mr. Graham's especial "delight." In the seventh grade we met our old friend, Latin. For five long years it is the friend to which we have been most faithful. Soon afterwards we found Algebra, which has been our constant companion since. These, with History, Geography, Spelling, and other studies, have kept us pretty busy.

But I do not mean to convey the idea that our school life has been "all work and no play." For many years it has been the custom to have class picnics. Vacation would not be vacation were it not for this annual picnic. Nearly every year we would go to the Catawba river. Leaving the City early in the morning, and reaching the river about two hours before dinner time, we would "explore" every favorite nook and corner. After a bounteous dinner there was always the boat rides. The afternoon would pass away quickly, and after an early supper there was the ride home, which some think is the most enjoyable part of the day. After a ride of two hours we would reach home, "tired but happy."

We sincerely hope that our past teachers will ever


think kindly of us. Although we misbehaved and probably did not show them the proper respect, we will always remember how kind and patient they were to us.

KATE L. STRATTON,

Historian, '09.



The Picnic

E WAKE at morn, 'tis warm, 'tis fair,
We greet with happiness the fragrant air,
Our thoughts are light, our hearts are gay,
We are intoxicated with the brightness of the day.
Our friends we find as gay as we,
All are ready for a day of glee;
We have cast away our work, all care,
To enjoy a day of pleasure rare.

The time soon comes, the time to start,
From the city, to the country, to depart.
Today we leave her with her doleful attire,
With all her sultriness, her heat so dire;
Yet the sun reveals, as we pursue our way
Its warmth to our crowd, so happy, so gay,
But the thoughts of the river where we shall stay,
Dismisses the fear of a sultry day.

With songs so merry, and yells so gay,
The time very quickly glides away,
And soon from the river's brink we perceive,
The refreshing water which does so relieve,
One who a long hot journey has made,
One who on her banks has often played,
And we welcome her breezes, so cool and mild,
The breezes on which the river has smiled.

Overhill, through wood, in sylvan glades,
We busy ourselves making glorious raids,
Then when the sun directly o'er our head does shine
It comes to our mind, 'tis time to dine.
From the wagons we unload all that's good to eat
And the feast we have, no one could beat,

All are ready for the meal placed there,
And enjoy much this dinner so rare.

Our dinner is o'er, we are roaming again,
Among the hills, and around the river's bend,
Now in open field, or among stately pine,
Now in a valley, or in tangled vine;
Alas! in the west we see the setting sun,
But we know there is in store, yet some fun
For we think of the happy and glorious ride home—
Such a rest after our country roam.

While the sun is gently lowering from view,
In one more pleasure we indulge before bidding adieu.
'Tis on the river in a boat with a jolly crowd
Who make the woods resound with echoes loud,
And as the water glitters with its golden hue
And the clouds gliding by bring the sun in view,
A feeling of greatest happiness is in each heart
Though the time is quite near to depart.

Alas! We are on our homeward ride,
The objects around, darkness soon will hide;
It is now that the songs begin to ring,
As the boys and girls begin to sing,
Through the rolling country all around,
Echoing and re-echoing till we reach the town,
Which, in the early morn, was left behind,
To spend a day in having a merry time.

L. M. C.—'09.





CLASS OF '10

Class of '10

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT—Jas. McCallum

VICE-PRESIDENT—Beal H. Siler

SECRETARY—Lillian Shaw

TREASURER—Junius Smith

Members

Miss Jewel Fesperman	Miss Louise Williams
Miss Della Fox	Miss Anna Wehner
Miss Estelle Glenn	Otto Austin
Miss Bessie Greene	Fred Bitgood
Miss Janet Hall	John Boyd
Miss Frank Hoover	Carey Dowd
Miss Ruby Hoover	Albert Ezell
Miss Mary McCausland	Willie Etheridge
Miss Mabel Miller	Thomas Haughton
Miss Sara Moseley	Chalmers Jamison
Miss Blanche Owens	George Kidd
Miss Charlotte Rucker	Cyrus Long
Miss Idabelle Shaw	Callie Little
Miss Lillian Shaw	Derr Mayberry
Miss Helen Scholtz	Jas. McCallum
Miss Loraine Templeton	Junius Smith
Miss Marjorie Washburn	Locke White
Miss Sudie Wilson	Roy McKnight

Ward Evans

Archimedes



ARCHIMEDES, the greatest mathematician and most skilled inventor of antiquity, was born at Syracuse, Sicily. The date of his birth is supposed to have been in the year of 287, B. C. In his youth, he went to school at Alexandria and there, the Royal School of the Ptolemies, he finished his education under Conon. On his return to his native city, he devoted himself to geometrical investigations, and by energy and his wonderful inventive power, carried the science far beyond the limit it had then attained.

Of his private life, we have a few disconnected notices. He was the devoted friend of Hiero, King of Syracuse, and he was always ready to exercise his ingenuity in the service of his admirer and patron.

Popularly Archimedes is best known as the inventor of ingenious contrivances, though many of the stories handed down are probably fabulous. He devised for Hiero engines of war which terrified the Romans, and by these skillful contrivances, Syracuse held its own against Rome for three years. There is a story that Archimedes constructed a burning mirror which set fire to the Roman ships when they were close to the walls. This story is hardly true, because neither of the three great writers mention it, namely, Polybus, Livy or Plutarch. He might have constructed some mirrors to burn fiber, cloth, or some combustible matter at a short distance, but he could hardly have set fire to wooden boards.

Among the most celebrated feats of his, are his discoveries in hydrostatics and hydraulics. The account usually given of one of these, is most remarkable. Hiero, it is said, had set him to discover, whether or not, the gold which he had given to an artist to work into a crown for

him, had been mixed with baser metal. Archimedes was puzzled, till one day, as he was stepping into a bath, he observed the water running over. It occurred to him that the excess of bulk occasioned by the introduction of alloy, could be measured by putting the crown and an equal weight of gold separately into a vessel filled with water, and observing the difference of the overflow. He was so over-joyed when this happy thought struck him, that he ran home without his clothes, shouting, "Eureka! Eureka! I have found it, I have found it."

His estimate of the capabilities of the lever is expressed in the saying attributed to him, "Give me a fulcrum on which to rest, and I will move the earth."

The life of this philosopher ends with the capture of Syracuse by Marcellus, 212 B. C. In the general massacre which followed the fall of the city, Archimedes, while meditating upon a mathematical figure which he was drawing on the sand, was run through the body by a Roman soldier. No blame attaches to the Roman General, Marcellus, since he had given orders to his men to spare the house and person of the sage; and in the midst of his triumph, he lamented the death of so illustrious a person; he directed an honorable burial to be given him, and he befriended his surviving relatives. In accordance with the expressed wish of the philosopher, his tomb was marked by the figures of a sphere inscribed in cylinder—the discovery of the relation between the volume of a sphere its circumscribing cylinder, being regarded by him as his most valuable achievement. When Cicero was quaestor in Sicily, 75 B. C., he found the tomb of Archimedes overgrown with thorns and briars, near the Agrigentine gate. "Thus," says Cicero, "Would this most famous and once most learned city of Greece have remained a stranger to the tomb of one of its most ingenious citizens, had it not been discovered by a man of Arpinum."

ROY B. MCKNIGHT, '10.



Valentine Party

One of the most enjoyable occasions of the year was the Valentine Party given by the Athletic Association at the home of Miss Helen Scholtz on the evening of February the eleventh.

The guests were received by the charming hostess and led into the parlor, which was beautifully decorated with hearts, arrows and roses.

After all had arrived they were shown to the drawing room where many interesting games had been arranged. In the game of Hearts Mr. Albert Ezell was the lucky winner. Catchy music was furnished by Miss Elizabeth Greene and Miss Della Fox. The Barn Dance and the Old Virginia Reel added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostess, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Long. All looked forward with eager expectations to the opening of the post-office, which had been arranged; and no one was disappointed, for each one received a letter from their true love. The songs rendered by the Boys' Quartette were especially enjoyed by the girls.

After many expressions of regret the guests said good-bye.

D. M., '10.

Hallowe'en Party

The first social event of the Literary Society after its organization was a Hallowe'en party at the home of Miss Anna Wehner on East Seventh street. To say that the

evening was enjoyed by every one is expressing it mildly. The members of the Society, with a few exceptions arrived in ghost costumes, thoroughly masked, and the few who had not provided themselves with costumes were "made up" upon their arrival. It wasn't long before things were in full swing, and cat-call and ghost mutterings became the order of the evening.

On entering, the guests were greeted by ghosts and were ushered into the sitting room which was decorated in red, green and yellow, and lighted by pumpkins in different parts of the room. After various attempts to discover the guest, the order to unmask was given and the guests were then led into the room directly back of the sitting room, which was decorated with red sticks of candy and apples suspended from the wall. The tables were laden down with peanuts, popcorn, apples and candy. The tub of water with apples in it received the first attention, and everyone was trying to get an apple out of the water with their mouth. Then the flour cake was cut by the girls and those cutting the ring, thimble and money had to pick them up with their teeth. Then the crowd assembled in the sitting room and we were treated with music by the talented members of this society. The members attempted destiny by different Hallowe'en tricks. At a late hour the boys and girls gathered their ghost costumes which had been laid aside at an early hour and after greeting their hostess good-night, they departed for their respective homes.

A. B. W., '10.



Class Picnic

THE CLOCK struck eight; the dinner was packed in the wagon, then every one piled in. Of course the boys were polite and let the girls have the front seats. "All aboard, crack your whip driver," said the chaperon. The wagon started on its twelve mile journey and the people in the streets were reminded of the fact by the tumult raised by the boys and girls in the wagon. We soon left the streets and were on the road to the great Catawba River.

Many were the songs sung; many were the jokes told on that ride. The horses were making good time and they didn't show that they were tired.

"Bang !"

"What's the matter ?"

Every one was piled on top of each other and they must all wait until the top ones piled off. After examining the wagon, it was found that the tap on the wheel had come off and, therefore, the wheel had slipped from the axle. However, it was soon replaced and we were once more merrily on our way.

At last we reached our destination and every one fell out of the wagon and rushed to the boat. It was soon filled and the steady strokes of Charlotte High School boys soon carried the boat into mid-stream. The trip was made and then its passengers were replaced by as many more eager for their turn in the boat.

The crowd began to separate and the lovers divided off and took a stroll by themselves. Then came the most delightful event of the day—"DINNER."

Every good thing imaginable was to be had at that dinner. Every one ate until he or she was able to say for one time, "I've had enough."

After dinner the ferry boat was the popular place.

Some one suggested a walk to the Davidson place, and all who wished to take part in the walking trip were on their feet, ready to go. The chaperon led the way and the rest followed.

The briars were very thick in some places and many of the adventurers were aware of it before the trip was ended.

After crossing sandy land and meadows, we then had to climb miniature mountains. This trip was finally ended after hours of walking, and we were only too glad to start on our homeward trip.

The merry crowds along the river bank were making the best of the little time left them in harmless pastimes, but alas! the chaperon called to them to fill the wagon, and of course, the chaperon must be obeyed.

The wagon rolled smoothly on and the singing and laughter brought many to the windows as we passed the country homes.

There is an old saying that the unexpected always happens; and this was certainly proved that day; for seemingly without any fore-warning, whatever, the rain began to pour in torrents. The girls had neither Merry Widow hats nor umbrellas; so of course, it was up to the boys to share their coats with them. When we reached town we found much to our chagrin, that it had merely sprinkled rain.

It was no wonder that we heard one, of the many people who stopped to stare at us say. "Why, what could have happened to that crowd? They look as if they had every one, wagon and all, fallen into the river"

The next time there will be plenty of Merry Widows and umbrellas along.

W. CHALMERS JAMISON, '10.

His Love Knot of White and Blue

RONALD GRAY and Nancy Malory had been playmates from childhood. Ronald was a handsome, manly looking fellow. His complexion was clear and ruddy; his body powerful and athletic. He had just returned from the University on his last vacation while yet an under-graduate. Nancy was eighteen, dark haired, dark-eyed, and her chestnut brown hair fell in fluffy folds around her pretty little ears, and when she laughed her well-shaped lips disclosed two rows of pearly white teeth. Without being an ideal beauty, there was a fascination about her which few could resist. One of the first things that Ronald did on returning home was to call on his old playmate.

When Ronald entered her parlor he was struck with her appearance. She came forward, her face a little flushed, but with a sweet smile playing hide and seek among her dimples. As she extended her hand, "Ronald, I am so glad to see you, and you are looking so well, too, after your year's hard work."

After that first visit Ronald was found at the Malory's oftener than of old. There had, as long as they could remember, been a mutual agreement between them, but now even that had been strengthened; the old time playmates were unmistakably in love.

The two families had been in the mountains for nearly a week. Nancy had seen very little of Ronald during that whole time. He had been on one or two strolls with a young lady boarding in the same house with her, while the few hours that she had been absent from her mother, had been partly taken up with walks with a Mr. Hamil. Ronald had, indeed, asked for a walk or so but had invariably received the cool answer of, "I have an engagement this afternoon." Something was coming between them.

Hamil had been telling tales. That evening was a most unpleasant one spent in his company. He frequently brought up Ronald's name. He heard about their past associations and was trying hard to make a gulf between them. His effort seemed to be succeeding.

All the next morning Nancy tried to make time pass more swiftly by reading and writing letters. Her books seemed to have no meaning and the letters seemed a perfect blank. But now afternoon had come, and with it Ronald Gray's card. Her heart gave a bound for she was tired of treating him thus; however she went down stairs with due deliberation, taking the card in her hand. Yes, there he stood on the piazza, his sister, his friend, Louis Malcourt, all chatting with two or three girls and an old lady. She well knew that his eyes would be on the watch for her, and so they were.

He saw her as she came through the door—bowed, smiled, but to her surprise continued his conversation with the old lady who held his attention. What could it mean? She stood there a moment waiting for him to come forward. Although she saw that once or twice his eyes sought hers, he still bent over the old lady. What was she to do? She had his card handed to her by the bell-boy. She had come down to receive him. It was not her place to go forward to meet him but his duty to come and greet her. Just at this moment when she was thinking what to do, Miss Gray saw her and called to her to join them. She walked slowly towards the crowd, still turning the card in her fingers.

"Looking for anybody, Nancy?" gayly asked Mary Gray, "I see you have his card."

Nancy's voice failed her and the voice of a girl sounded whom she had never liked in the least.

"Oh! You're here, are you, Mr. Gray? Why, I have been waiting at least half an hour. Did you not send up your card?"

"I did, about twenty minutes ago. Did you not receive it?" answered Ronald, very much surprised.

"Certainly not. I've been writing and only came down

because I had promised Mr. Malcourt to walk with him a short time before supper, and it is not too long before supper now. Where could they have sent it?" replied the hated voice.

Poor little Nancy! The day had already been very, very hard, but this was more than she could bear. She turned quickly and not knowing whither she went, hurried around to the side piazza; there she fell into a large rocker and tried to withhold her sobs and hide her burning cheeks—all in less time than it takes to tell.

Gray saw through the whole situation with the quick intuition of a lover. She had not treated him kindly of late. She had been unjust and had seemingly shunned him on several occasions—but there was no time to think of that. She was in distress, and that put all things at naught with him.

"Here is Louis ready now to claim his walk, so I will go and see about the card," he said as he hurried away. "Bless that little bell-boy; I will certainly tip him when I see him again"—this was added under his breath.

Out on the piazza he found her, alone. The stillness of twilight had set in. The mountain in front was as a dark shadow towering into the sky. The huge trees were unruffled by the faintest sign of a breeze. From the deep ravine below the much-frequented spring now and then came the nocturnal shriek of an owl. To the right, the lights of the little mountain village twinkled through the gathering darkness. A hush had fallen upon everything except the merry crowd in the hall and in the other piazza.

Gray's heart was throbbing fast as he quickly and lightly stepped to her side. She well knew his footfall—knew he was coming—almost knew why he came. It was well that darkness had covered all things for she was flushed with a sense of humiliation, wounded pride and maidenly indignation. Were she able but to flee to her room, hide her scorching cheeks and cry her eyes out, it would be unspeakable relief. But her retreat was cut off. She could not escape. Oh! it seemed enough to run her

mad—that she had been so—so trifled with. They must know by this time that she had come down to meet Ronald Gray, when his card was meant for another—that one of all others. Aflame with indignation, jealousy and envy, she resolved to freeze him if she could possibly control herself.

“Nancy, my dear,” he murmured quick and low, “I see that a mistake has been made, but I don’t believe the others saw it. Give me just a few minutes. You cannot say that you have an engagement this time. Come down the walk with me. I cannot talk to you here—now at least—and there is so much I want to say.”

He bent over her pleadingly but her eyes were fixed far away among the shadows of the dark-wooded mountains, which gleamed in the first rays of the rising moon. For a moment she made no reply nor did she withdraw her eyes from the scene.

Finally she answered very impressively. “Thank you, Mr. Gray, but I must be excused from interfering with your engagements.”

“But there are none now,” he promptly replied—“and, indeed, I want to speak to you very much. Have you been very kind to me of late? Have you not snubbed me at times when there was no cause? Should I not know what has brought about this change?”

“You do not seem to have sought an opportunity to inquire.” She was very cool and dignified now.

“I beg your pardon, Nancy, I have asked three times in the last two days for a walk and you have had previous engagements! It seems that that fellow Hamil is trying to make mischief.”

She had torn to bits and thrown away the card that was in her hand. She wanted to say that he had found consolation in the society of “that other girl,” of whom Hamil had spoken, but she would not for the world have him think that she was jealous.

“You could have seen me this morning if there had been anything you wished explained—or this afternoon

either. I suppose you were agreeably occupied," she said as composedly as ever.

"I have been out all day with my sister."

Then it was his sister and not that other girl! She must not let him see that it made her glad.

"And yet you say you have kept—and value—that knot of white and blue ribbon that I gave you, or rather you took, last summer? I did not suppose that you would so soon prove to be so—so—"

"So—so what, Nancy?" he asked trying in vain to constrain the tremor in his voice.

She did not notice it, her eyes were down-cast but she went on desperately.

"Well, never mind that now; but it seems to me that such friendship is—is simply worthless."

She had taken the plunge, but the last words were spoken with sinking inflection, followed instantly by a sinking heart. She dared not look up to see what effect her stab had had. He stood there silent for a moment, turned and left her.

It was unnecessary to open the little bundle which she found on her bureau that night for it could contain nothing else but that "Knot of White and Blue Ribbon."

II

Ronald had been sitting up for nearly a week after his long illness. He was beginning to think about getting back to work so as to finish with the class with which he had studied for nearly four years. He had passed his mid-term examinations with high honors and not long after had been suddenly taken with a serious case of pneumonia from which he was just recovering. He was losing valuable time, as the final "exams" were drawing near. Every day regularly, the old servant would bring up a large bunch of violets—his favorite flowers—with always the same message, "Mossa Ronald, a young lady send dese and wants to know how you was." But that was all she would say.

A great change had come over Nancy since Gray had

come home and was recuperating. She was not by any means the same girl that she had been for the past six months. She went about cheerfully and always with an encouraging word for everybody. She would sit for hours at a time practicing on the piano or reading a novel by one of her favorite authors.

Gray was going back to the University the next day. But those violets! No other could have sent them but Nancy.

As he approached her house on that spring afternoon, he saw her sitting in the hammock on the side porch, with her back to him, reading. He did not go to the door—he wished to see only Nancy, herself. The porch seemed all in a whirl. From over her shoulders she heard in the old, well-remembered tones a voice that redoubled the throb of her heart.

“Nancy, I had to come to thank you for all those violets you brought me.”

She knew not what she said. She looked one instant up into his eyes and there was no need to speak at all. No one saw, no one knew that he was firmly clinging to her hand—and she submitting.

Later they were walking up and down among the violet-beds in the large old garden. Unbounded happiness was in her eyes as she peered up into his strong, steadfast face, still a little pale from his recent illness. Something must have been said, for he drew her closer to himself and bent over her as though the whole world were wrapped up in little Nancy Malory. They were walking down a path lined with box-woods now.

“It is getting late, dear, and I will have to go back. I leave early in the morning, and you know I am still pretty weak.”

They must part—though only for a short time. The sweet dark eyes began to fill. He pressed her quickly, unresistingly to his breast.

“My darling—My little Nancy,” he murmured “but

tell me, what is it you say you have kept for me all this time ?”

“This,” she answered, shyly placing in his hand a little packet wrapped in tissue paper. “Don’t open it now. But I wanted to send it the very next day.”

Slowly he turned her blushing face until he could look into her eyes.” My own little girl,” he whispered, as his lips met hers, “I always knew that that was my love-knot of White and Blue.”

M. R. '07.



All's Well That Ends Well



LAY back in my big easy chair by the fireplace and puffed lazily at my pipe. I was dreaming—dreaming of the good old days when I, a reckless young fellow of twenty-five, sought my fortune in the West—that wonderful West of mountains, plains and valleys. I could see the mighty Rockies rising above me in their grandeur. I could see again the herds of bison and elk spring, startled away at the crack of my rifle. Again the lonely yelp of a coyote or the long drawn cry of a cougar comes to my ears. I think of my former moose and bear hunts. Bears! My eyes wander to a magnificent skin at my feet. The huge head of the grizzly lies with grinning jaws, the glass eyes staring vacantly into space, and the great hide, one of the largest ever killed in California, lies spread out beneath my chair. From there my eyes turned to my wife, for there is a great connection between her and the skin. How well I call to mind the incident. Here is the story:

For a long time I had been wooing Lucy Higgins, the daughter of a rich old rancher in the Blue Stone Valley. I had always thought Lucy would one day be my wife, and was not prepared for the answer I received from her when I asked the momentous question. She informed me that she could never become the wife of a man who, while not exactly lazy, had no natural inclination for work, and who took a special delight in spending money and carousing.

Her answer almost stupefied me, for I was very much in earnest and meant to do away with all my follies when Lucy and I were married. My first impression was that of anger, but my better sense speedily calmed that thought and a feeling of sorrow and despondency seized me. My heart was broken, and I slowly left her presence

trying to collect my scattered senses. Then a fit of blind despair seized me and I rushed out of doors in the driving snow. I ran to the stables and throwing myself down in the hay, I wept like a child. How long I lay there I know not, but when I had saddled my horse and gotten well on my way; the first gray streaks of dawn were just beginning to steal over the pines. I rode along dejectedly, thinking of Lucy's refusal to marry me. I rode thus for about two hours, my brain stupefied. I was riding up the side of a steep ravine, through which a mountain torrent ran, when suddenly as I rounded a bend, I beheld a sight which brought me to my senses with a jerk. A huge grizzly was just in the midst of his morning meal, enjoying the carcass of an elk. He had not heard me, and drawing my revolver I took careful aim behind his ear. At the report he sprang around with a savage growl and charged straight at me. As he came I fired two more shots, both of which reached their mark. He kept on, however, and rushed against my horse, carrying both him and myself over the edge of the trail. I remember letting out a yell as I fell, and then knew no more. When I came to my senses I was lying in a snow-drift about forty feet below the scene of the encounter with the bear. My left arm hurt me very much and I discovered that it was broken. Blood also flowed freely from a cut in my head. Otherwise I was all right, being just shaken up and scared. I arose to my feet and started toward the body of the bear, which, I perceived, had left a wide path in the snow, when it rolled down the hill. In one place a big rock had been dislocated and as I walked, a slight yellow glimmer seemed to catch my eye for an instant, from that spot. Again it did so and I stopped. The blood rushed to my head and my heart beat wildly. Regardless of my wounds, I rushed to the spot, and fell upon it, panting with excitement. For there shining from the rocky ground was a nugget of gold the size of a pigeon egg. I dug it up in a frenzy of haste and held it before my eyes. Then my brain seemed to whirl as I perceived the ground

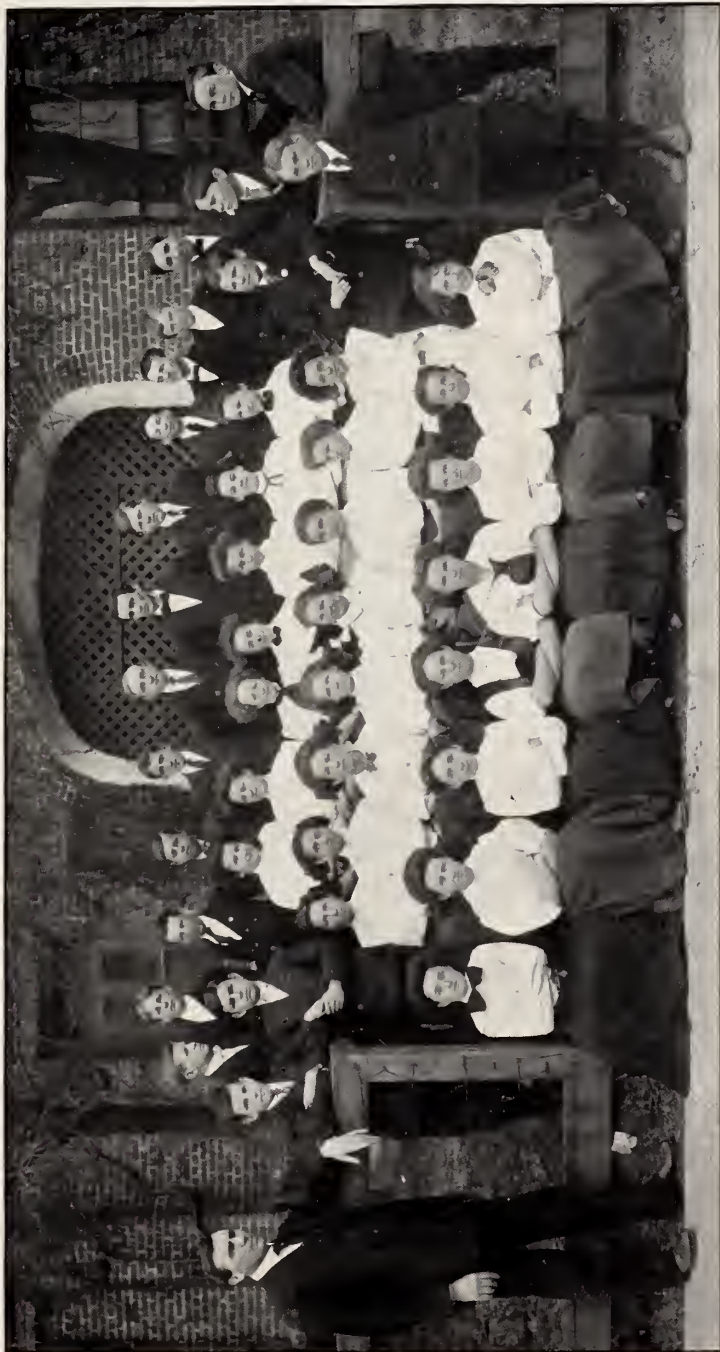
about the rocks to be glistening with yellow quartz. and I fell over exhausted.

When I came to myself the nugget was still clasped lightly in my hand, and I gazed about in a half dazed sort of way. What was that before my eyes that shone so brightly? Was it a great piece of gold? My heart beat wildly and I reached out a trembling hand toward the yellow mass. To my amazement it yielded soft to my touch. Then I knew. I drew the golden mass closer to me, unresisting, and a soft voice beneath it said: "Dear Frank, I did not mean the answer I gave you last night and started out this morning to tell you so."

Thus it was that I won Lucy Higgins for my wife, and became one of the richest men in California, all on account of a hungry grizzly.

FRED BITGOOD, '10.





CLASS OF '11

Class '11

Uhlman Alexander	Grace Hiatt
DeWitt Austin	Edward Keesler
Ruth Bennett	Erwine Kerr
Mary Bloom	Virginia Lillard
Elizabeth Bomar	Mebane Long
Martin Boyer	Fred McCall
Olive Brice	Ila Louise McCausland
Louise Burkhead	Walter Overcash
Mary Butt	Ruby Polk
John Carr	Morrow Russell
Will Carr	Julia Smith
Isabel Chapman	Mary Smith
Heriot Clarkson	Louise Spong
Dora Davis	Kate Squires
Ed. DeArmon	Kathleen Sterne
Harold DeArmon	Susie Sterne
Anna Belle Dowd	Lee Stitt
Emily Durham	Wayt Thomas
Stewart Gilchrist	Willie Todd
Kate Graham	Willie Mae Wingate
Irene Hall	Julian Woodruff
George Hartman	Caldwell Young

“The Hillsberry Male Club”



ONE WARM Saturday morning, in the little village of Hillsberry, a dozen or more freckled-faced, bare-footed boys were lounging around the village store.

There was, as Sammy Andrews, one of the largest boys expressed it, “Nothin’ doin’.” To begin with, the woman’s club, a new thing in Hillsberry, organized and presided over by a certain Mrs. Van Avery, from Boston, had condemned the “swimmin’ pool,” and all the mothers had forbidden their sons to dip themselves therein; the old baseball diamond had been turned into a sheep pasture, and the fish had flatly refused to bite.

Suddenly a small urchin broke into the stillness of the morning air with, “Let’s organize a club.”

The proposition was received with favor on all sides. Instantly there were clamors and yells such as, “Where we goin’ to meet?” “Whose goin’ to be president?” “What we goin’ to do?” and other such outbursts.

As no one seemed prepared to answer these questions, they adjourned to a neighboring barn, where, after a long discussion, with many arguments, a chairman was finally chosen. After great endeavors he finally secured order. Then a new difficulty arose. Almost all the big boys wanted to be president, and as out of the sixteen enrolled members nine were big boys, it looked rather doubtful if any one would be chosen. Some of the larger boys had smaller brothers who, of course, voted for them. In the first ballot the greatest number of votes for one candidate was four, which, of course, could not elect. But in the course of a few ballots some candidates withdrew. Some voted for others instead of themselves as formerly, and so Sammy Andrews was elected president. They were at a loss what to do next, until a small boy piped out, “Hadn’t we oughter ’lect a secretary.” “Of course” exclaimed the

president, "I was just about to say that." It accordingly was done.

The tongues were loosened, "What we going to call this s'ciety (society)." "Yes, that's what I want to know." I tell you what "said a certain red-headed boy, who rejoiced in the name of Jim Squires, 'let's call it the Hillsberry Male Club, H. M. C. for short.'"

"Yes, lets," chimed a chorus of voices, "that sounds fine."

Affairs were running smoothly now. It was decided to meet Friday evenings in the house of a member, each boy taking turns entertaining. It was also decided to charge five cents per month to those who were able to pay, and then the meeting adjourned.

But now I come to the sad part of my story. That society, the H. M. C., that had such a happy beginning, that embraced some of the best citizens, that might have been an honor to the State, that society disbanded. But not at once. Ah, no! The first three or four meetings were the height of success, mothers and sisters giving great assistance from the pantry larder. But at last—as all things earthly must—it came to an end. It happened like this.

Billy Warren, the orphan boy of the village, knew that he could not hold a meeting on the farm on which he worked, and decided on a romantic plan. He asked the boys to meet him at a certain place from which he led them to a small pond about three feet deep. There was a general squeak of joy as he led them to a rather lopsided and leaky boat, and every one having gotten in, rowed into the middle of the pond.

"Now the H. M. C. will hold its meeting," said Billy in a spectral voice, "let us proceed."

It seemed as if this would be the most successful meeting of all, for every one was having a fine time. Sammy was telling a blood-curdling ghost story, and every one was keyed to the highest pitch.

"And suddenly," said Sammy, "the ghost said boo"

and he took a step forward with his hand pointed in front of him. Unfortunately he hit "Fatty Smith." Fatty, who had been sitting in the center of the boat, fell to the side, Sammy toppled over with him, some water splashed in, and then—sixteen resounding splashes followed, a chorus of terrified yells and shrieks, and one after another the downcast members waded ashore and hurried home, never to reassemble.

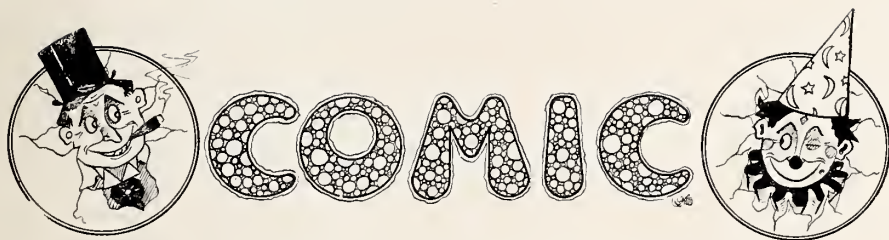
S. G., '11.



“Washington by 7:15”

THE FOG was rapidly thickening as I drove my runabout aeroplane into the gloom of a falling night, knowing well that I was to meet at an informal dinner, a girl in whom I had a great interest, and that I had one hundred and three miles to go in sixty-five minutes. I had dressed at home and knew that I would have to drive like Parker to get there in time. Sighing, I bent over the steering wheel and peered down, trying to recognize some town over which I was passing. Looking down I did not see the freight boat of the Wright Aerial Transportation Company, but went at it like iron drawn to a magnet. A crash caused me to look up and see my forward propeller go into bits against the rudder of the freight. The runabout began to shoot downward at such rate that it seemed as if I would get to earth in a fourth of a second. I saw lights beneath me and dully wondered if I would split myself on a church steeple or take a bath in the town reservoir. Suddenly I flew over the wheel and was caught by the shrouds hanging from the wings to the forward deck. The wrecked runabout was snatched upward and began to whiz like the wind toward Washington, the very place to which I wanted to go. Crawling over my steering wheel, I came to an immense anchor rope and looking up, could see a large ship. I climbed the rope and coming up so suddenly out of the dark, nearly frightened the forward watch into spasms. After he had gotten over his scare, he told me I was on the seven o'clock Washington Express, and was heartless enough to charge me fare from their last station, New Orleans. The express reached Washington on time. I won, and the next day we two were speeding away on a gigantic ship of the Circumterrestrial Transportation Line for a brief honeymoon on the Alps.

GEORGE E. KIDD, '10.



Jimmie—"Did you ever feel that the world was against you?"

Leland—"Sure, I felt it this morning when I slipped on the sidewalk."

Ward—"Won't you miss me when I'm far away?"

Della—"No, I'll always think of you as very close."

Fred (during a quarrel)—"You talk like an idiot."

Anna—"I've got to talk that way so you can understand me."

Mr. McCausland—"My daughter, sir, is not at the right age for marriage."

Callie—"Very true sir, but every year will make it worse you know."

A bashful young man was escorting Miss Charlotte home, when she said entreatingly, "Thomas, don't tell anybody you beamed me home."

"Don't be afraid," replied he, "I'm as much ashamed as you are."

Mr. Harding—"Well how stupid you are to be sure; can't multiply eighty-eight by twenty-five. I'll bet Fred can do it in less time than that."

Tommy—"I shouldn't be surprised; they say fools multiply very rapidly these days."

Mr. Harding—"I don't suppose you have a dollar you could lend me?"

Mr. Giles—"Your insight does you credit, how did you guess?"

Cyrus—"Did you bring back my umbrella?"

Ward—"No, when I come empty-handed I'll bring it."

Kate—"Why do you tell me all your troubles?"

Leland—"Misery loves company."

Kate—"But company doesn't love misery; for heaven's sake cut it out."

Kate—"Here comes Frank; do you know him to speak to?"

Rosamond—"Not if I see him first."

"You are as full of airs as a hand organ," said Fred to Anna, who had refused to let him see her home.

"That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

"Rosamond puts lots of feeling into her singing doesn't she?"

"Yes, but it must be awful to feel that way."

Mr. Giles—"James, name five animals that are found in South America."

James—"Three lions and two tigers."

Leola (after commencement)—"Mr. Harding, I am indebted to you for all that I know."

Mr. Harding—"Don't mention it, it's a mere trifle."

Mr. Harding—"What kind of ships do we encounter on the voyage of life?"

"Hardships," promptly answered Derr.

Albert is fond of Bible stories. His mother was relating to him the story of Moses in the basket of bulrushes, when he earnestly inquired, "Did he ever grow to be a man?"

"Yes," he was told.

"A great big man?"

"Yes."

Albert remarked incredulously, "Well, I'd a thought he'd a busted the basket."

Pearl—"Why do you write such a big hand?"

"Well, Dolly is deaf, so I thought I would write him a loud letter."

Blanche pointed pensively to the masses of clouds, saying: "I wonder where those clouds are going?" and Roy remarked: "I think they are going to thunder."

"Tommy," said the visiting uncle, "seems to me that baby sister of yours is pretty slow; she hasn't any teeth, yet has she?"

"She's got plenty of teeth," replied the indignant Tommy, she's got a whole mouthful of teeth only they ain't hatched yet."

James—"I'm sure Cupid had nothing to do with the alphabet."

Helen—"What gives you that impression?"

James—"If he had been doing it he would have placed U and I much nearer each other."

"Why the Congregation Tittered"

The story is told of Helen Hunt, the famous author of "Romona," that one morning after church services, she found a purse full of money and told her pastor about it.

"Very well," he said, "you keep it, and at the evening service I will announce it." Which he did in this manner: "This morning there was found in this church a purse full of money. If the owner is present he or she can go to Helen Hunt for it." He wondered why they tittered.

A good way to find a girl out is to call when she isn't in."

A C. H. S. student reading Virgil: "Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck—that's as far as I got, professor."

Professor Giles—"Well Junius, I think that is quite far enough."

Drill Instructor—"Now Miss yez will take one step to the rare, thin one to the front, thin one to the rare again, and yez'll be as yez were before yez were as yez are now."

Magistrate—"You are charged with stealing a valuable rug. What have you to say for yourself?"

Hobo—"I ain't guilty, judge."

Magistrate—"But the rug was found in your possession."

Hobo—"Dat's all right. I asked de woman for a hand out and she handed me de rug and told me to "beat it."

"Do you know a man around here with one leg named Jones?"

"What was the other one named?"

On a piece of cloth stretched across the front of the Edisona moving picture show is printed this announcement:

"To-day
where is my wandering boy
To-night."

"You were crazy to marry me," boasted she.

"I realize that now," he admitted.

A girl should never throw herself at a man unless she is sure he is a good catch.

Nuts to Crack

"Why should architects make good actors?"

"Because they are fine at drawing houses."

"How can one get along in life?"

"Walk."

"Why is a hen far more liberal minded than the sun?"

"The sun never sets except in the west, but a hen will set anywhere."

"What is more wonderful than a horse that can count?"

"A spelling bee."

"What way of showing wrath has the tea-kettle?"

"It sings sweetest when it is hottest."

“What bat flies without wings ?”

“A brick-bat.”

“What bird is low-spirited ?”

“Blue bird.”

“Why do chimneys smoke ?”

“Because they cannot chew.”

“Why is a hen immortal ?”

“Because her son never sets.”

“Why is your nose in the middle of your face ?”

“Because it is the scenter.”

“What instance is given in the Bible where five slept in one bed ?”

“Where Abraham slept with his forefathers.”

“Where can the miserable always find sympathy ?”

“In the dictionary.”

“What is a good thing to part with ?”

“A comb.”

“What do lawyers do when they die ?”

“Lie still.”

“Why are bookkeepers like chickens ?”

“Because they have to scratch for a living.”

What is a kiss ?”

“E-lip-ticle (pronounced a-lip-tickle).”

“What is the difference between a barber and a sculptor ?”

“A barber curls up and dyes while a sculptor makes faces and busts.”

“Who is the oldest member in school ?”

“Grandpa.”

“Why is a woman deformed when mending stockings ?”

“Because her hands are where her feet ought to be.”

Board 50 cents per square foot. Meals, extra.

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter.

Guests wishing to do a little driving will find the hammer and nails in the closet.

If the room gets too warm, open the window and see the fire escape.

If you are fond of athletics and like jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.

Baseballists desiring a little practice will find a pitcher on the stand.

If the lamp goes out, take a feather out of the pillow; that's light enough for any room.

Any one troubled with nightmare will find a halter on the bed post.

Don't worry about paying your bills; this house is supported by its foundations.

L., '09.



CENSUS '08-'09

NAME	AGE	DESCRIPTION	FAVORITE SAYING	HORROR	CHIEF TOPIC	AMBITION
Kate Stratton	— — —	Just ordinary	"Why Bilbie"	L. W.	Letters	To have little feet
Lillian Shaw	Too old to tell	A tall slim sapling	There's some class to that	False teeth	Can you play basket ball?	To be as good as she looks
Leola Hannon	Decreasing	Square	I don't understand that	"Rats"	Choir practice—Prayer Meeting	To have a home of her own
Ward Evans	3+	"Serawny"	Stung	Della	We've got to get to work	To make the Annual a success
Carey Dowd	Unknown	Lazy	Sure enough	Chalmers	"She"	Has none
Pearl Wilkinson	None of your business	Massy	Oh, how I love Latin	Bugs	"Cicero"	To have her love returned
Leland Craig	Grandpap	Short and sweet	Don't do that Dolly	Tight shoes	Going to church	To be as good as Russell
Johnny Giles	????!	Cute	Now to sum up briefly—	Miss Annie May	Moonlight	To be a favorite with the ladies
Locke White	Almost 10	Very dignified	I declare I like her	Lose a game	Any kind of a game	To be like F. C.
Estelle Glenn	Stopped telling	Long and lanky	Is that so?	For any one to look at Carey	How do you like Carey?	To have lots of friends
Annie Mae Bilbie	Sweet 16	Delicate	Ease over	Cards	Love	To have a head like Otto
Junius Smith	Ask Bessie	A little taller than Bessie	I will if Bessie does	For any one to speak to Bessie	Seeing Bessie home	To live for Bessie
Della Fox	What difference is it to you?	Crooked	Good Gracious	Ward's Collars	Basket Ball	To go abroad

CENSUS (CONTINUED)

NAME	AGE	DESCRIPTION	FAVORITE SAYING	HORROR	CHIEF TOPIC	AMBITION
Roy McKnight...	"97"	Bow-legged	When I play on second base—	A swift ball	Second Base	To be a good second baseman
Sara Moseley		Little but loud	I surely do	To have an enemy	Callie and Fred	To have swell clothes
Anna Wehner	000	A fair blonde	I had a suiter	Basket Ball Challenges	Sunday School	To be the mistress of her household
Callie Little.....	Too old to tell	Handsome as you make 'em	It's not so	To get stung	McCausland's	To elope
Fred Bitgood	3	Athlete	That's not the way they do in Kansas	Red hair	Sara	To be a sport
Majorie Washburn	20—	Neat	Papademas	Geometry	"Derr"	To get married
Bessie Greene.....	Ask Junius	Small	Would if I could, but I can't. Why?	Ward	"Junius"	To dance
Rosamond Lucas..	0+	Round	"Pretty boy"	Anonymous Post Cards	Expression	To finish school
Chalmers Jamison	Guess	Tall	"Maybe"	School bell	Photography	To pass on Geometry
George Brice.....	"Steen"	Diminutive	What'd you say?	Hannah's Biscuit	Athletics	To be a bureau of information
Derr Mayberry...	Way up	Ugly, is no name	I'm going to see Pearl	City life	Girls	To play ball
Jewel Fesperman	Don't tell it	Dumpy	Has none	Mr. Giles	"George"	To go to school
Lorraine Templeton	Unknown	Ducky	Take me to the skating rink	Fred	Boys	To see basket ball

CENSUS (CONTINUED)

NAME	AGE	DESCRIPTION	FAVORITE SAYING	HORROR	CHIEF TOPIC	AMBITION
John Boyd.....	40—	Red	"Chal!"	Nothing	Pictures	To read all the Latin in the Universe
Albert Ezell.	Yet a baby in his ways	One of the kids	Sure enough	Short pants	Marjorie	To wear long pants
James McCallum..	Going on 10	Dignified	I'm going to see Helen	Rivals	Helen	To box
Charlotte Rucker	Ask Tommy	Bashful	Ain't Tommy Cute?	Ward	Tommy and Locke	To win Tommy's love
Mabel Miller.....	Coming some	A heart breaker	"I'm mad at you Junius"	Fred	Barn Dancing	To be a great musician
Frank Hoover.....	On the sunny side	Divinely tall, most divinely fair	Shut up	Ward	Annual	To play basket ball
Ruby Hoover.....	Yet a baby in her ways	Mushy	Wish I could do that	Louise	Murray R	To win over her rival
Louise Williams...	Too old to ask	Saw'd off	I thought you did	Ruby	Murray R	To win over her rival
Mary McCausland	Sweet 16	To know her is to love her	"Stung"	Harriet	Callie	To be good looking
Thomas Haughton	A little older than Charlotte	Bashful	"Charlotte, dear"	Locke	Charlotte	To win Charlotte's love
Idabelle Shaw.....	—	Stylish	How does that look now?	Boys	Latin	To pass exams.
Blanche Owens.....	Guess	Ridiculous	I don't understand that	Geom.	Reciting	To win a lover

CENSUS (CONTINUED)

NAME	AGE	DESCRIPTION	FAVORITE SAYING	HORROR	CHIEF TOPIC	AMBITION
Cyrus Long	Can't tell	Studious	I've got to study	Unstudious people	Lessons	To prepare lessons in school
Willie Etheridge..	4	The other kid	Let's Sing	Studying	Quartet	To be tall
George Kidd.....	Unknown	A tall, short blondish brunette	Has none	Girls	Electricity	To please the ladies
Otto Austin.....	"6"	Extremely awkward	How's Fanny?	Has none	Automobiles	To ride in an auto.
Janet Hall.....	16 +	Tall	Oh dear!	Geom.	School	To make good bread
Sudie Wilson.	Young	Interesting	He's my cousin	Thunder	"Huntersville"	To write a book



ATHLETICS

'08 - '09.



Athletics

WHEN the school year of 1908-1909 opened, the boy students of the tenth and eleventh grades formed an Athletic Association. Its purpose was to increase the interest in athletics in the school. Chalmers Jamison was elected president; John Boyd, secretary; and Beal Siler, treasurer. The treasurer moved to Atlanta in November, and Mr. Otto Austin was elected to fill the vacancy. A constitution was agreed upon, and monthly dues were fixed at twenty-five cents. The Athletic Association was represented by its foot-ball team in six games. The team won two of these games, tied one, and lost three. Eight games of basket-ball were played, seven being victories for the High School, and only one a defeat. The baseball season has not yet opened, but the prospects of the team are very bright. On the whole the Athletic Association was a success and put out good teams in foot-ball, basketball and baseball.

WARD EVANS, '10.

Development of Football of Charlotte, N. C.

In the year of nineteen hundred and two, what knowledge there was of the now well-known game of football, was among the smaller class of boys of Charlotte, and could be written on a very small page, although in the national game of baseball they were progressing beyond the average. The general idea concerning the method of playing football at that time was far from correct; it was to get the ball, rather than the man with the ball; the ball was the center of attraction; the young players sprang like tigers at the ball, and grasping it, there was a tug-of-war between the two sides, the stronger of course dragging the other back, sometimes even across the goal line, until by

mishap the wrestling boys fell, while one low tackle would have stopped it all.

One evening, on a lawn in Dilworth, a party of boys between the ages of ten and fourteen, were engaged in a game of the sort mentioned; the game was at its fiercest, each tugging, pushing and shoving toward his goal; a few passers-by stopped for a moment to watch the contest, among whom was the Rev. Frances Osborne, a new resident of Dilworth; after watching the game for a short time he became interested, and when, after a few minutes, the players stopped for a rest, he asked if they would not like to organize a team, offering his services as a coach. Although none of the boys knew enough to appreciate the value of a coach who had been captain of the University eleven, they had good enough judgement to know that the help of any one in teaching them the game was not to be thrown away; accordingly, they readily agreed, and practice appointments were made.

Rev. Osborne coached and trained the boys into a thoroughly organized team, besides organizing them into the Dilworth Athletic Club, which had for its object promotion of athletics. The boys of the town, inspired by the example of the Dilworth boys, organized two teams, and although they were not in the class of the Dilworth Athletic Club team, a league was formed with the three.

In the playing of football brute strength and weight is not all. A team which has quickness, nimbleness, a charging line, trained tackling, and which works together, will overcome a team of sluggish giants.

The coaching and training of Rev. Osborne had due effect upon the football of the Charlotte High School. Of course the majority of the boys of the Dilworth team were being educated in the High School, and naturally took interest in the football part of the school and wished it to progress, and were more enthusiastic in its cause than the rest, although not too much, for the Charlotte High School boys had seen what the others could do in this game and were eager to try their hand—only waiting for a leader.

After the organization of a team was fairly started, the team received valuable coaching and important points from the Dilworth members, especially in the year of nineteen hundred and eight, when there was present in the school the Captain of the Dilworth eleven. The school so appreciated his attention to the team and appreciated his work that it presented him with a suit in token of its gratitude.

From the year of the organizing of the Dilworth team, promoted by the Dilworth Athletic Club, football has gradually developed to its present state, each year the boys taking more interest in it than the year before.

H. C. LONG, JR., '10.





FOOT BALL TEAM

Foot Ball Team

Right End	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Long
Right Tackle	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dowd
Right Guard	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	McKnight
Center	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Little
Left Guard	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Austin
Left Tackle	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bitgood
Left End	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Craig
Quarter Back	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	White
Right Half	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Henderson
Left Half	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	McCallum
Full Back	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jamison
Substitute	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Evans

Players Not in Practice:

Mayberry and Hyland	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Guards
Kidd	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Center





The Charlotte High School put out a very good team this season. To begin with they had very good material, in spite of the fact that some of the candidates for the team had never played football before, and it was remarkable how well they played at the end of the season. Although we had no coach, our team made a very good showing on the gridiron with older and more experienced teams. We defeated Baird's Preparatory School twice, while they defeated us only once. We tied the Dilworth Athletic Club's team, the strongest in the city. High Point's team came to Charlotte and defeated us in a hard fought game. This was the finest contest of the season, and a large crowd—loyal to Charlotte High School—was present. Our team, although very fast, was too light for the men from High Point, and this alone was the cause of the defeat. Everybody was satisfied, and we look forward to a stronger and better team next season.

WARD EVANS, '10.



BASKET BALL GIRLS

Girl's Basket Ball Team

Sara Moseley

Frank Hoover

Louise Williams

Lorraine Templeton

Estelle Glenn

Lillian Shaw

Annie Mae Bilbie

Charlotte Rucker

Della Fox

Sudie Wilson

Janet Hall





Girls' Basket Ball

Soon after the season opened the Athletic Association, through the generosity of the School Board and the vigorous efforts of its members, was able to prepare a basket ball court. The boys kindly tendered the use of this court to the girls, who promptly accepted the offer and enthusiastically set to work to organize teams. Three teams were formed, with Anna Wehner, Lottie Norman, and Lillian Shaw as captains. The members of the first team were Anna Wehner and Janet Hall, goal and forward; Sudie Wilson and Della Fox, guards; Charlotte Rucker, center. On the second team were Lottie Norman and Louise Williams, goal and forward; Sara Moseley and Loraine Templeton, guards; Estelle Glenn, center. On the third team were Lillian Shaw and Rosamond Lucas, goal and forward; Kate Stratton and Ruby Hoover, guards; Frank Hoover, center. All were new hands at the game, and very laughable were their first efforts. Time after time the excited forwards would dodge under the outstretched arms of the shrieking guards, run to a position near the goal post and throw for the basket. Practice and the valuable hints of Miss Gryder and Miss Lucas gradually put an end to this wild style of playing, and though no team was selected from among the girls to represent the High School, the game has proved enjoyable and beneficial to all who took part in it.

LILLIAN SHAW, '10.



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Basket Ball Team, '09

Jas. McCallum	-	-	-	-	Manager
Junius Smith, Captain	-	-	-	-	Forward
Locke White	-	-	-	-	Forward
Carey Dowd	-	-	-	-	Center
Fred Bitgood	-	-	-	-	Guard
Cyrus Long	-	-	-	-	Guard
Otto Austin	-	-	-	-	Sub.
Chalmers Jamison	-	-	-	-	Sub.



Basket Ball

WITH THE close of the basket ball season our team was crowned with the golden sceptre of success rather than the team of defeat. In the selection of a team we had five men with several years experience behind them, and as a whole our team displayed the qualities of a well trained team, viz: unity of play, quick passing, and accurate goal throwing. As individuals our work was equally as good, several of the boys playing star ball.

The first game in which we met an opposing team was with Baird's Preparatory School, and it was a rather one-sided game, Baird loosing by a score of 32 to 8. From the first it was evident that our team out-classed that of our opponents, but they were rather persistent in their efforts to defeat us, and several days later another game was arranged, in which we again defeated them, by a score of 29 to 14.

The next in succession was a game with the Charlotte University School who, hearing of the manner in which we won the two preceding games, became quite anxious to snatch away our laurels, but they made but one snatch, loosing by the score of 23 to 12, after which they lost heart and gave up the ghost.

The Baird team again made a third and final attempt to defeat us, but again met with the same success as before, the score being 32 to 25 in our favor. In this as in the two preceding games with this team, Alexander, for B. P. S., played excellent ball, but his team failed to give him the necessary support.

We next arranged a series of three games with the Boy's Department of the Y. M. C. A. for the intermediate championship of the city. This was the strongest team we

had thus far met and the first game was a closely contested one, but after much hard playing by our boys we piled the score upto 21 and 18 in our favor.

The second game of this series was played some few days later, and in this game we met our first and last defeat, our opponents winning by the score of 29 to 27. This was a closely contested game and was won by the fast passing and accurate goal throwing of our opponents.

The third and last game resulted in the defeat of Boy's Department by the score of 32 to 23. The first half of this game was very close and for a while it was difficult to tell exactly what the outcome would be; but in the last half our opponents went to pieces, losing what promised to be a close game.

This was the closing game of the season, and out of a possible seven games, we won six, giving a percentage of 857 1-7.

JAMES I. MCCALLUM, JR.



Baseball

THE OUTLOOK for a baseball team this season is very good. The infield is very strong, but the outfield is mostly new. The team has been practicing together only a very short time. The batteries are exceptionally strong, and with the support and help of the other players, they may expect to win a great percentage of their games. Most of the players are old and experienced at their positions, with the exception of one or two outfielders.

Some of the men and their positions are as follows : Jamison, the first pitcher, is as good as could be expected for a High School team, and if the boys back him as they should, there will no doubt be a great number of victories to his credit. In Smith, the second pitcher, there is the making of a good pitcher. Two men are contending for catcher, namely: Bitgood and Brice. Both of these are good men and either one would do the team justice. McCallum and Long are the contenders for the first sack. There need be no fear of anything getting away over there. White is the only contestant for the second sack, and even if there were other contestants, he would no doubt keep that sack company. Etheridge has his old position cinched at shortstop. If anything does get away over that way there will be something wrong. Dowd is the only one who aspires the third sack. With Jamison and Smith pitching, Brice or Bitgood catching, McCallum or Long at the initial sack, White on second, Etheridge on shortstop, and Dowd on third, the Charlotte High School will no doubt put out a winning team. Now let us look to the outfield. Evans, Mayberry, Ezell, McKnight, and Austin, all aspire to one of the outer gardens. Most of these men are new, but after the infield is weeded out and the men who lose out in the

infield and who go to the outfield it will, no doubt, be materially strengthened.

The Charlotte High School is looking forward to a great number of victories, which they will be sure to have, if the school gives the team the proper backing.

W. CAREY DOWD, JR., '10.



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

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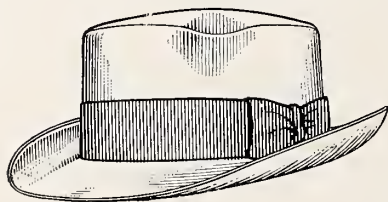
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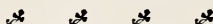
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